HalfaPenny

by Paladin level 20

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Summary: It's just a funny version about Half-Life (single player, of course) with a slight but important twist. Slash between a headcrab and a ninja suggested in chapter 4. I swear that I won't do it again, really.

    1. Anomalous Materials 1

**

Half a penny

Chapter 1

This is supposed to be funny

**_

(Black Mesa Complex. Anomalous materials division. Gordon Freeman is searching for something on the ground. He picks up a crowbar, looks at it in a confused way, and puts it on his over-large pocket. He keeps on searching. A scientist who was just walking by looks at him, stops walking to wherever he intended to go in first place, and walks near to him and then stops.)

_

SCIENTIST WEARING GLASSES #1: Ah, hello, there you are, Mr. Freeman!

_

(Gordon ignores him plainly)

_

    SCIENTIST WEARING GLASSES #1: _(crouches next to Gordon) _Didn't

you hear me? I just said "hello" to you.

GORDON: _(singing under his breath)_ Oh, where, oh, where has my little penny gone, oh where, oh where could it be...

SWG #1: Excuse me, but the test is ready, the sample has just arrived. Put on your hazard suit and go to the test chamber!

GORDON: _(same thing)_.

SWG #1: _(Irritated)_ Oh! This is ridiculous! _(grabs Gordon's right hand and starts pulling)_ if you do not want to do it I will force you to!

GORDON: _(Weakly) _But... my penny!

SWG #1: _(Still pulling Gordon, who looks helpless)_ You will just have to wait until after the test!

GORDON:_(Struglingg back)_ Let... go... off... me!

SWG #1: I will let go only if you do the test!

GORDON: _(Slapping his forehead)_ Oh... the test! Gotta hurry! _(Running like a tiger, he follows the yellow line to the personal facilites)_._(Gordon opens the door to reveal an_ _ALBERT-EINSTEIN-LOOKING-SCIENTIST who is tying his shoelaces. When Gordon opens the door, the SCIENTIST stops tying his shoelaces and greets him)_

ALBERT-EINSTEIN-LOOKING-SCIENTIST #1: Freeman! Hurry up! Time is running out!

GORDON: _(Turns around to answer him, but running in a straight line towards a wall) _I know! _(**BONK!!!** He bumps into the wall and faints)_

_ _

A-E-L-S #1: _(Sighs) _As usual..._ (pulls out his First Aid kit)_

_ _What will happen to Gordon? Are there any consequences if you are late to a test? Can you tell me of a website to download a Half-Life cd key generator? (I foolishly uninstalled this wonderful game and don't have the key). All of this questions WILL have an answer on the next chapter of... **

HALF-A-PENNY!

**

2. Anomalous Materials 2

**

Half-a-penny!

Chapter 2

Now I don't need the CD key generator, because I found my CD key, thanks, and read chapter 2!

**

GORDON: _(opens his eyes)_ Oh! How long have I passed out?

A-E-L-S #1: Actually, one nanosecond. Now get your hazard suit!

GORDON: _(stands up slowly)_ O.K. â€¦ _(bumps his head against Bond's locker [again])_ Ouch!

A-E-L-S #1: Stop doing that!

GORDON: O.K. _(goes to the the room on his left.)_ _(Finds the suit is locked)_ Gosh darn it with a cherry on top! _(Goes to the glass and starts whacking it with the crowbar endlessly)._

A-E-L-S #1: _(Who couldn't bear the noise)_ Gordon! Stop doing that! _(Comes near to the the console)_.

GORDON: _(Stops whacking it) _But it won't open!

A-E-L-S #1: Of course not! All you have to do is to push this button! _(Pushes it and the glass [severely hit] withdraws)_

_ _

GORDON: Oh... I see... _(steps into the HEV suit)_.

HEV SUIT'S COMPUTER VOICE: Welcome the HEV suit Mark four, for use in hazardous enviroments and conditions. Power ON. Flashlight system ENGAGED. Defensive weapon selection ON. Automated medical assistance ENGAGED. Communications ONLINE. Ammunition indicator ACTIVATED. Cheats system OFF. Godmode OFF. Noclip mode OFF. Notarget mode OFF. Magic weapon reciever OFF. Charger ON. Have a very safe day.

GORDON: O.K.; my hazard suit is ON, what do I do now?

A-E-L-S #1: How can I know? Follow the red stripe, that's all I know!

GORDON: All right..., goodbye Mr. Bomb.

A-E-L-S #1: My name is not "Bomb", it's Bond, Rupert Bond.

GORDON: _(Opens his mouth in amazement)_ Was it **YOUR** locker?

BOND: _(Nods)_.

GORDON: Oh! I'm so sorry!

BOND: Yeah, yeah, go to the test lab already!

GORDON: I'll go! _(He goes away from the facilities and follows the red stripe to a retinal scanner post with a security guard standing in there.)_ Hey!

SECURITY GUARD #1: _(Wakes up)_ Oh, Mr. Freeman! You're so awfully late!

GORDON: Yes, I know...

SECURITY GUARD #1: _(Punching some buttons that weren't there previously)_ Well, the Administrator has forseen similar cases to yours, and we have this special device that lets you go from here to the test chamber's door in a blink.

GORDON: _(Curious) _What kind of decive is that one?

SECURITY GUARD #1: _(Has got the combination right, and a musical beeping is heard.) _This one! _(Suddenly the ground crumples behind Gordon's feet, Gordon screams and falls into ten pillows at the test chamber's door) _

_ _

A-E-L-S #2: _(Who is standing right in front of the test chamber's closed door along with DARK-SKINNED-SCIENTIST #1)_ Ah, hello Gordon, at last! _(To D-S-S #1)_ He's finally here, let's let 'im now! _(Is about to go to his retinal scanner but D-S-S #1 stops him)_.

D-S-S #1: Not yet! We have to explain! I'm afraid we'll be deviating a bit from standard analysis procedures today, Gordon.

GORDON: _(Trembling) _Are... we...?

A-E-L-S #2: Yes, but with good reason. _(Gordon calms down) _This is a rare opportunity for us. This is the purest sample we've seen yet.

D-S-S #1: And, potentionaly, the most unstable.

A-E-L-S #2: Now now, if you follow standard insertion procedures, everything will be fine.

D-S-S #1: I don't know how you can say that. Although I will admit that the chances for a resonance cascade is extremely unlikely I remain unconvinced that-

A-E-L-S #2: _(Cutting in and shouting)_ Gordon doesn't need to hear all this, he's a highly trained professional. We've assured the administrator that NOTHING WILL GO WRONG.

GORDON: Am I a highly trained professional?

BOTH SCIENTISTS: Gordon, shut up!

GORDON: O.K....

D-S-S #1: _(Obviously defeated)_ Ah, maybe you are right, Gordon, we have complete confidence on you.

A-E-L-S #2: _(Approaching yet again his retinal scanner station, being shortly afterwards mimicked by D-S-S #1)_ Well, let's let him in now...

___

Suddenly, a hedacrab teleports in!

HEADCRAB #1_(Jumping up and down menacingly, posing no real threat)
_: Xri!

__

(All of the scientists [even GORDON] panick and scream)

U.S.M.C. SOLDIER ARMED WITH AN MP5 AND WEARING NIGHTVISION GOGGLES
#1: _(Teleports in, but falls into the headcrab, squishing it. The
soldier looks **VERY** confused)_ What the darnety heck am I doing in
here?

A-E-L-S #2: Whatever it was, you squished that weird creature! Thanks
you a lot!

U.S.M.C-S-A-W-A-M-A-W-N-G #1: Thanks, I think... what is this
place?

GORDON: _(Feeling smarter than the soldier) _You're in the Black Mesa
Research Facility's Test Lab. I was about to perform a class-D test.
Willing to come in? Are you protected enough?

U.S.M.C-S-A-W-A-M-A-W-N-G #1: Oh, my PCV is resistant as an HEV!

RETINAL SCANNERS: AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL

A-E-L-S #2: Proceed, Gordon, and you, strange
marine...

U.S.M.C-S-A-W-A-M-A-W-N-G #1: Erm, I am Corporal Adrian Shepard, from
the United States Marine Corps.

D-S-S #1: _(In a spooky way)_ To the test chamber...

_

(GORDON and ADRIAN look at each other, shrug and walkk into the test
chamber. The cart is holding the sample and the rotors are at full
power.)

_

A-E-L-S #3: _(V.O.)_ Well, Gordon, just push the sample to the
analysing beam and you can go home, is that all right with
you?

GORDON:_(Nods, intimidated)_ Yes. _(Pushes the cart to the analyzer
beam and everything blows up. 4 ALIENS SLAVES teleport in. ADRIAN
kills them. Suddenly, GORDON and himself are teleported to Xen, in
front of two BULLSQUIDS. The BULLSQUIDS attack. ADRIAN reloads.
GORDON whacks one of them with his trusty crowbar to death and ADRIAN
sispatches the other one with his Mp5. They do a high up five, are
teleported to a random DARK place. There are 4 more ALIEN SLAVES.
They start charging up, but GORDON and ADRIAN dispatch them the same
way they did with the BULLSQUIDS)_

GORDON & ADRIAN:_(Still in the dark place, standing on the SLAVES'
corps)_ Bring it on!!! Woo hoo!

    3. Unforseen Consequences 1

**

Erm... sorry for the long delay. I've had to study and other stuff to
do, but I bet you a Snark that you probably don't care a dim, so
let's go on with the third chapter of this fic, who's name
is:

Half-a-penny

**_

(GORDON and ADRIAN teleport back to BMRF. They look
around.)

_

GORDON: Holy cow! This's a mess!

__

_(The doors are wide open. A scientist is lying on the floor, covered
in what seems to be fake imitation blood)_.

ADRIAN: Who's that guy?

GORDON: Let's take a closer look.

_

(They leave the area, which is filled of ALIEN SLAVE corpses
[remember ADRIAN's headshots, remember them!]. They pass the doors,
and they discover that the prone scientist is none other
than...
....â€|â€|â€|
â€|â€|â€|â€|â€|â€|â€|â€|â€|â€|â€|â€|â€|â€|â€|â€|â€|â€|â€|â€|â€|â€|â
€|â€|â€|â€|â€|â€|â€|â€|â€|â€|â€|â€|â€|â€|â€|â€|â€|â€|A-E-L-S
#2!)

_

A-E-L-S #2: _(Singing under his breath, and looking to the cieling in
a crazy way)_ Pump up your body, give it Macarenna, your body is just
for giving it Macarenna, pump up your body with Macarennaâ€|_(Stands
up from prone vigorously and all the fake blood stays in the floor)_
***HEY!* **MACARENNA!_ (Starts cha-cha-chaing with unknown vigor for
someone who looks like Albert Einstein. GORDON and ADRIAN look at
each other and join in the insane man. Just when they jump up and
down, A-E-L-S # 2 stops dancing abruptly.)_

ADRIAN: _(Irritated)_ But we were on the good part!

A-E-L-S #2: (His eyes start flashing, starts talking
over-dramaticaly) The aliens... al the fake carnage... the ketchup...

the Big Mac... I can't stand it... _(he belches and his head explodes)_

_ _(ADRIAN and GORDON recoil and get out of the place, whacking the door with the crowbar. They see S-W-G #2 performing CPR on SECURITY GUARD #2, who's also covered with fake imitation blood. GORDON and ADRIAN stop and watch this.)

GORDON: _(To S-W-G #2) _Is it working?

S-W-G #2: _(Surprised)_ Freeman!! You're alive!! _(Under his breath) _Darn it!! Should've paid those aliens better...

GORDON: Huh?

S-W-G #2: Oh, nothing... no, it isn't working, I think I should give him mouth-to-mouth breathing... _(He gets, down, opens his mouth, approaches it to SECURITY GUARD #2...)_

_ _

SECURITY GUARD #2: _(Stands up abruplty, jumping)_ **NO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!**

** **

S-W-G #2: _(VERY surprised) _I thought you were fainted!

SECURITY GUARD #2: _(Playing innocent)_ Me? Erm... yeah...

GORDON: _(Looks at the elevator, and points it)_ What's that?

S-W-G #2: It's an elevator. Go there to take it.

GORDON: _(Looks at SECURITY GUARD'S #2 gun and points it)_ What's that?

SECURITY GUARD #2: It's a gun. It kills aliens, terrorists, and terrorist aliens...

GORDON: _(Impressed)_ Ooh........ can I have it?

SECURITY GUARD #2: _(Angry)_ Over my cold undead body!!!

GORDON: _(Disapointed) _Ooh..... _(Curious again, points at something)_ And what's THAT?

S-W-G #2: _(Turns around to look what has GORDON pointed to)_ _(Afraid, and emphatically points to it)_ It's a bug! Kill it! Kill it! Kill it! Kill it! _(Runs to a computer generator, and stands on top of it shouting "Kill it!, kill it!, kill it!")_

_ _(After an action scene in which ADRIAN depletes all of his Mp5 grenades, and in which S-W-G #2 screams "Kill it!" all the time, the bug dies)

ADRIAN: _(Dries his sweat in a military way)_ Whew! I need a pop soda!

S-W-G #2: There's a pop soda generator upstairs, maybe if you take

the elevator you can get it and get your soda.

GORDON: _(Adventorous)_ Well, what are we waiting for?

ADRIAN AND GORDON: _(Shouting, very enthusiastically, arms outstreched)_ To the pop soda generator!

(Nothing happens)

SECURITY GUARD #2: Er... I'm no scientist, but I think you've got to actually _walk_ to get there.

Gordon and Adrian look disapointed and walk towards the elevator together and take it, holding hands.

GORDON: Er, Adrian, any clue why you're holding my hand?

ADRIAN: Emh..... no_ (Blushes)_.

In the next chapter, our module protagonists go in the quest for a pop soda. As way too many authors say, read and review.

    4. Unforssen consequences 2

**Well, I hope you enjoyed the last chapter, and here comes chapter four of this fic that you and me know
as:**

Half-a-Penny!

**Warning: SLASH implied. I don't know why the hey did I do it, but don't worry, I won't do it again, I swear that if I do it again, you can toss me to the tentacle pit with a lot of noisy
thingies.**

ELEVATOR: Ding-dong!

_The elevator doors open. Gordon and Adrian__ step outside, not knowing why they're doing it. There's A-E-L-S #3 sunbathing (well, lampbathing actually) and D-S-S #2, who is waiting impatiently for A-E-L-S #3 to finish._

D-S-S #2: _(To A-E-L-S #3, impatiently) _I told you, it's my turn, so get out of there already!

A-E-L-S #3: _(Irritated)_ I told you before, it's the resonance cascade, I can't move from where I currently am now!

D-S-S #2: _(Fearful and shouting)_ RE-RE-RESONANCE
CAS-CAS-CASCADE?

GORDON: _(Dumbly)_ Yeah, I created it.

D-S-S #2: _(Turns around and sees GORDON [who still is holding hands with ADRIAN {go figure why}] and points him with his finger angrily)_ You... you... you bastard!

GORDON: _(Looks puzzled at D-S-S #2)_

D-S-S #2: _(Still is angry)_ It was MY turn, and you had to ruin it! Well, I'll ruin you! _(Pulls out an Egon and he suddenly wears a Ghostbuster outfit and GORDON turns into a Pac-Man ghost)_

The GHOSTBUSTER-SCIENTIST starts shooting rays at the GORDON-GHOST. None of them hit GORDON-GHOST, eventhough he was standing perfectly still. D-S-S #2's gun runs out of ammo.

D-S-S #2: _(Still on his Ghostbuster outfit)_ Gr... I hate it when it happens. _(Everything goes back to normal, if anything was normal here.)_ O.K. Freeman, I think that-

GORDON: _(Interrupting, looking serious)_ Wait.

D-S-S #2: What is it, Gordon?

GORDON: How come everyone knows my name and surname eventough today's my first day at job?

ADRIAN: _(In a distorted radio-like voice)_ Hey dude, like that was a really deep question. _(Everyone looks at him strangely) (Still in that HL-marine voice we all hate to love, or love to hate)_ Oh, I'm going through puberty...

A-E-L-S #3: _(Nailed to his lampbathing spot)_ How old are you?

ADRIAN: _(HL-marine voice) _26.

GORDON: Gee, that's pathetic, I'm only 23 and I already have a beard...

ADRIAN: _(Normal voice)_ Yeah, I love your beard... _(Starts touching GORDON's beard dreamily)_

D-S-S #2: Well Gordon, the answer is quite simple really, the HEV suit you're wearing automatically tells us your name.

GORDON: _(Distracted, looking at ADRIAN who is still stroking his beard)_Oh, that's cool.

D-S-S #2: _(Doing his best to look the other way)_ Well, I suppose I should open the retinal scanner... _(Goes slowly at first, but HEADCRAB #2 screams at him threateningly, so he goes faster and opens the scanner.)_ _(Hurries back, looking elswhere but not at GORDON and ADRIAN.)_ Well, it's open...

GORDON: _(Facing D-S-S #2 and releasing ADRIAN) _What's open?

D-S-S #2: The door...

GORDON: Oh, goodie... _(runs to the door)_ c'mere sweety! _(ADRIAN follows)_ _(GORDON is about to cross the room when a laser beam cuts him in hal.f)_

ADRIAN: _(VERY dramtically, in MARINE-RADIO voice)_ **NOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!!! I LOVEDâ€"**_(GORDON appears besides him.)_ It's a miracle! _(Hugs GORDON)_

GORDON: It's okay, I quicksaved. _(ADRIAN releases GORDON and makes

him a millitary sign meaning "Be careful or this beam eats us")
GORDON nods. They get throught the beam room and into a room with a
headcrab._

GORDON: Look, one of those headcraps!

ADRIAN: _(Confused, in his RADIO voice)_ What did you call these
thing?

GORDON: (_Very clearly_) Headcraps.

ADRIAN: Why? It looks like a crab to me, not a--_(The headcrab jumps
to ADRIAN's head and...)_

GORDON: _(Choking with laughter)_ You see, that's why.

ADRIAN: _(Looks at the headcrab angrily and shoots a round of bullets
at it with his Mp5)_ Take this! _(The headcrab dies)_ _(Cleans
himself)_ _(At GORDON)_ Stop laughing, you $h** for brains!

GORDON: _(Chortling in a childish way) _Ah! He swore! He
swore!

ADRIAN: _(Bops him with the hilt of his Mp5)_ Shut up and let's find
the soda generating machine!

GORDON: _(Stops being so childish)_ Oh, you're right, let's
go.

_(They open the door to the next room, which has a pair of laser
beams slowly wreaking havoc around. At the end there's an
elevator.)_

GORDON: _(Looking at a foldable paper)_ According to this, the pop
soda generator is up the elevator.

ADRIAN: _(Turning to see the paper) (Examines it)_ _(Points at
something)_ What does it say here, at the bottom?

GORDON: Here? _(ADRIAN nods)_ It saysâ€¦ lemme seeâ€¦ "Done by
Uhs-Hints.com, more than an ordinary walkthrough."

ADRIAN: Well, I think we have to crouch under those deadly beams to
avoid getting sliced in half.

GORDON: Just a second _(Tries to fold up the walkthrough but failsÂ
and then comically struggles to get it right, and when he does, it's
just a very big ball)_

ADRIAN: Done?

GORDON: _(In a tired voice)_Yeah, done.

ADRIAN: _(Pointing into the camera)_Well, let's show this particles
of dust that we can be cool!

GORDON: Yeah! All the way! And other cool things!

_(They coolly proceed to coolly crouch under some cool laser beams
and they coolly don't get hurt at all.)_

(GORDON and ADRIAN stand up to face the elevator doors with a crowbar lying on the floor. GORDON picks it up, compares it with his own crowbar's size and thenâ€")

GORDON: _(sniffingly)_ Mine's bigger. _(Tosses it through the elevator's glass.) (The elevator goes free-fall!!)_

SCIENTISTS INSIDE THE ELEVATOR: _(Screaming at the top of their lungs)_ **THIS IS THE LARGEST QUANTINTY OF SCREEN TIME WE'LL EVER GET!!**

_(SPLAT!!)__(A festival of fake blood, skull-looking golf balls and flying monkeys ensues)_

GORDON: _(Guiltily)_Oops.

ADRIAN: Don't worry, they panicked bravely, now let's go find a soda!!

GORDON: _(Lighting up)_ Yes, let's go!

(They open the door, go to the left, climb up the maintenance ladder and hear some gunshots.)

ADRIAN: Listen!

GORDON: _(Mumbling) _I wasn't being noisyâ€¦

_(From above, and OOC)_SECURITY GUARD #1: Take this, you [censored] zombie!

GORDON: He's in trouble!

ADRIAN: Let's help him?

GORDON: _(Pauses and thinks)_ I was thinking more along the lines of waiting that they kill each other, guess his locker number and then steal his lunch money, but that sounds better.

(They quickly climb the ladder and heroically land on the platform [bumping their heads on their butts a few times during this procedure] and see SECURITY GUARD #1 kicking ZOMBIE #1's corpse. He's exhilarated.)

SECURITY GUARD #1: _(Screaming and dancing)_ Who is da man! I'm da man! Who killed the zombie! I did! Woo!

GORDON:_ (Timidly)_ Em, misterâ€¦ Â do you know about a pop soda generator?_(The security guard ignores him and keeps with his victory dance) (Turning back, to ADRIAN) *_**SIGH*** Guess we'll have to find out in our own.

ADRIAN: Yep.

(So they go through the magnetic doors, kill ZOMBIES #2 and #3, and, examining their twice-dead bodies discover something!)

ADRIAN: They were holding sodas!

BOTH OF THEM AND A FLY: ***GASP!***

ADRIAN: Did I just hear a fly gasp?
>

GORDON: Nah, you're just losing it, like I did when I first came here. Amazing that those nameless scientists and security guards don'tâ€¦

ADRIAN: Oh, great.

GORDON: Should we follow the soda can track?

ADRIAN: Which soda can trail? _(GORDON points at a soda can trail that wasn't there previously) _Oh, that one, yeah, let's go.

(SO they followed the soda can trail that takes them toâ€¦â€¦

_â€¦_

_â€¦_

_â€¦_

_â€¦_

_â€¦_

The amazing soda generator!)

BOTH OF THEM AND A PENGUIN: Yay! We did it!

GORDON: _(To the PENGUIN) _Hello Mr. Penguin!

PENGUIN: _(With a Tropical accent)_ You be losing it, old chap._(The PENGUIN teleports out)_

ADRIAN: _(Enthusiastically) _**Let the pop soda orgy begin!**

GORDON: Yeah, right._(Whacks a vending machine with his crowbar and a river of pop sodas come at their feet. ADRIAN drinks most of them and GORDON one or two, trying to look more moderated than ADRIAN)_

A.N.: Well, that was long. This chapter is done, and again, sorry 'bout the SLASH, I usually don't write them (check my profile if you don't believe me) but this opportunity, somehow, was too tempting to pass it up. I'll update chapter 5 in the 2006 or sooner. Miss me, miss me a lot.

** **

(If you couldn't tell, I was kidding. Duh. And don't use a hairdryer while driving! [assuming you drive at all. I can't. Yet. :)])

End

file.